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BY THE SEA

Louise G. Baker

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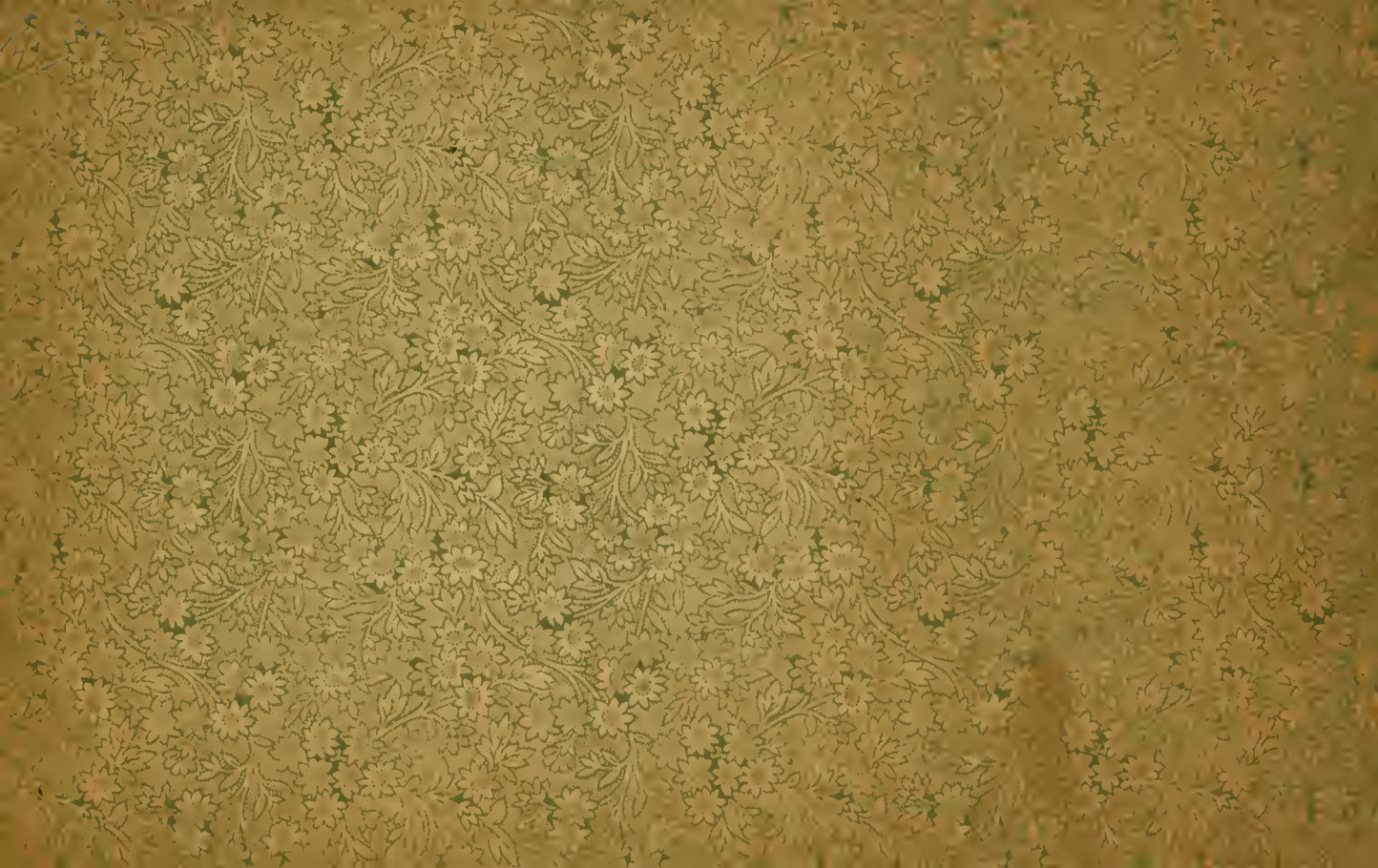
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



R. H. JUSSEY, PRINTER,
NANTUCKET

Nantucket, like a shell, close presses on the sea,
And holds a living well of constant melody
Within;—the surge and swell of its humanity.

By The Sea

Louise S. Baker.



ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX. H. SEAVERN.

LOUISE S. BAKER

NANTUCKET MASS.

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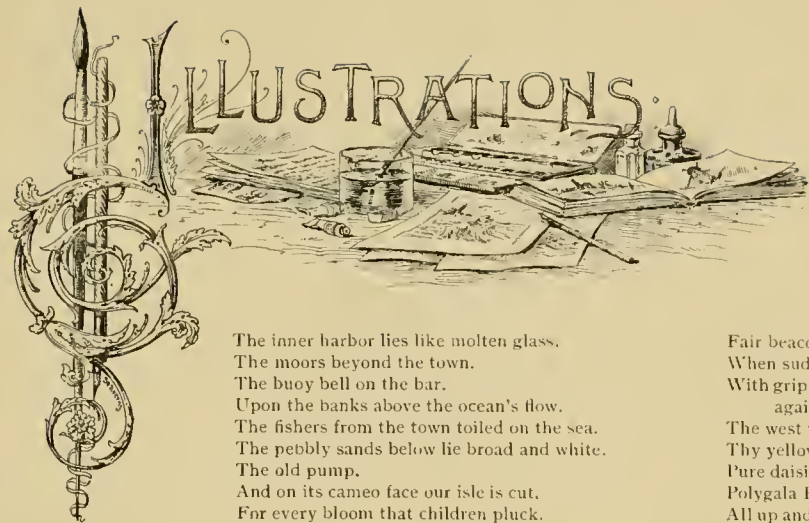
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The inner harbor lies like molten glass,
The moors beyond the town.
The buoy bell on the bar,
Upon the banks above the ocean's flow.
The fishers from the town toiled on the sea.
The pebbly sands below lie broad and white.
The old pump.
And on its cameo face our isle is cut,
For every bloom that children pluck.

A Mosaic—

Sesachacha Pond.
It stands by day, a signal tower.
A house all weather-worn.
'Sconset Chapel.
In the after-glow.

Fair beacon high.
When suddenly an angel form.
With grip of steel the oars were plied
against the wind.
The west takes on its gold.
Thy yellow, bristling wands.
Pure daisies of the wind-swept plains.
Polygala Polygama.
All up and down the rutted roads.

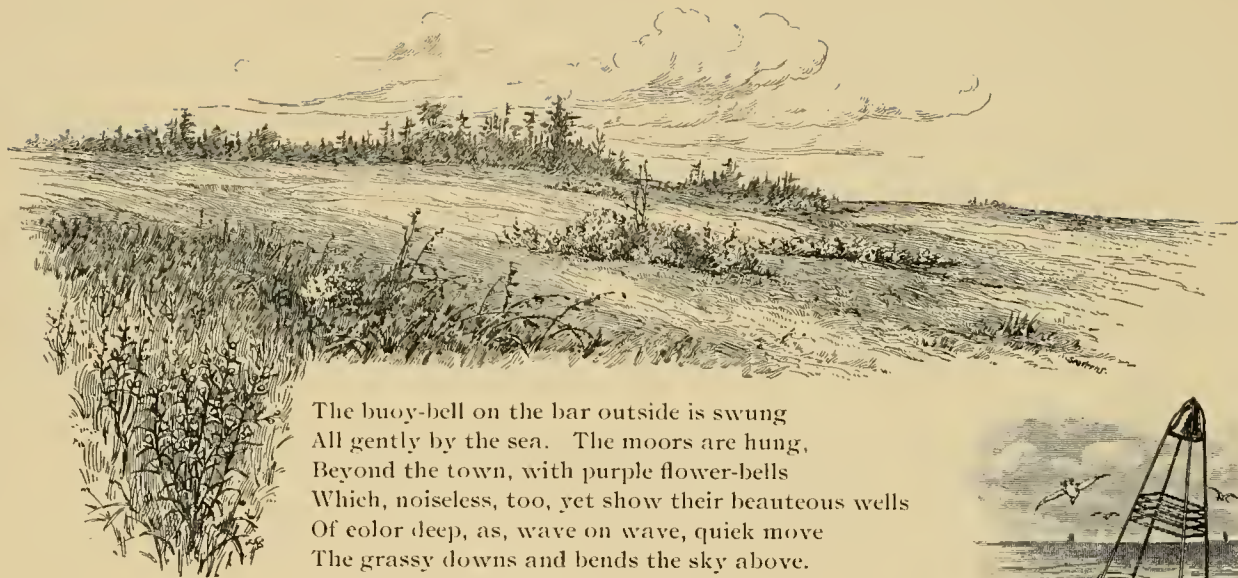


BY THE SEA.

A FRAGMENT.

The air is full of sound, distinct and sweet,
Of insects' hum and chirp, as shrill they greet
Each other. All the while, the very noise
In vocal grass, to list'ning ear makes, still
And soft, a silence which the soul doth fill,
And every reverent heart in thought employs.

The inner harbor lies like molten glass,
Soft shadowed near the shore. The gray clouds pass
O'erhead and pictures make. No human brush
Can catch their hue so opaline. The hush
Is so complete, that little, languid boats
Make but a lap of sound in rippling floats.



The buoy-bell on the bar outside is swung
All gently by the sea. The moors are hung,
Beyond the town, with purple flower-bells
Which, noiseless, too, yet show their beauteous wells
Of color deep, as, wave on wave, quick move
The grassy downs and bends the sky above.



INSTALLATION HYMN.

Our Father, we wait for the seal of Thy love,
Its impress upon us, the sign of the dove.
Set firmly Thy peace on each heart to obtain,
Let pastor and people in union remain.

Let not Thy glad light be Thy children's surprise,
But may it as constant as day on them rise;
The nights for the young set with stars of bright hope,
The moonlight of rest give to those on life's slope.

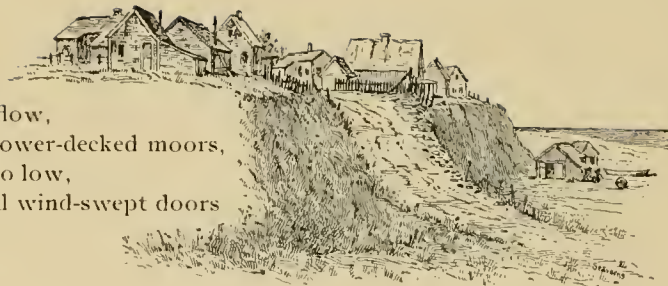
Thy blessing we ask, for Christ's spirit we seek,
His truth and His pureness—the grace to be meek.
His royalty grant us, the strength to be true
To Thee and each other, our pilgrimage through.

And when in our earth-life the rich blood shall fail,
The bowl of fine gold can no more here avail,
Or ever the soul's silver cord shall be gone,
Thou'lt gather the threads and our home shall be won.

'SCONSET.

I.

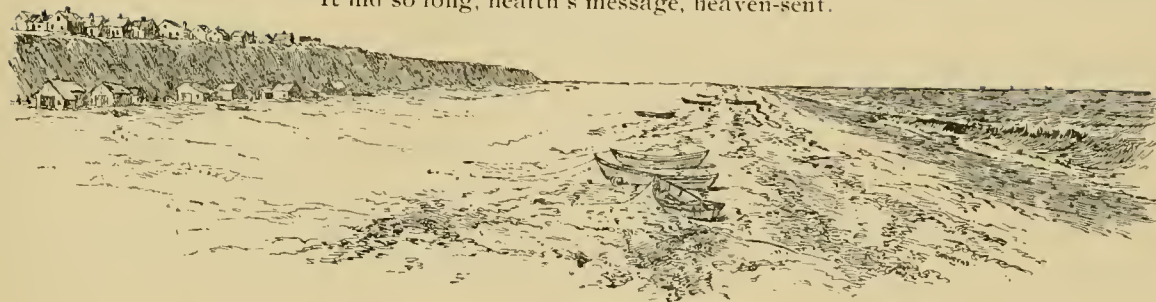
Upon the bank above the ocean's flow,
Far out beyond Nantucket's flower-decked moors,
Were cottages and shingled huts so low,
With weather-beaten roofs and wind-swept doors



The fishers from the town toiled on the sea,
In spring and fall for large or lesser fare,
And sometimes spacious homes above, in lee
Beyond, held sojourners for sea-washed air.

A loyal, sturdy people also dwelt
Upon its shores, though counted few in name;
Yet from its school-house and its homes is felt
The power of 'Sconset not unknown to fame.

The rutted roads to town were sweet as now
With bay-berry and wild azalea's scent;—
The secret told itself. Men wondered how
It hid so long, health's message, heaven-sent.



II.

Quaint hamlet by the sea! Thus 'Sconset stands
Upon our island bluffs; the pebbly sands
Below lie broad and white beneath the sun,
Or gray and shadowed when the day is done.

The fisher's ancient cot with mystic rune,
The villa new and cottage trim are there.
The old pump gives its waters fresh to tune
Of gay young voices on the charmed air.

The village chapel calls to prayer, its bell
In cadence swinging with the ocean tide;
While earth and sea and sky in chorus tell
The boundless Love outreaching far and wide.



The iron-horse now wends its way along,
And waves roll in over the sandy dune,
Upon the landward side breathe full and strong
Sweet-fern and wild rose, in the summer noon.

The place once populous with rolling drays
Is filled with those who seek the restful ways
That lead from labor's strain to needed rest:
Here summer travellers may meet their quest.

The streets of green are thronged with eager feet,
The young and old alike find peace so sweet
That every breaker's boom is organ tone
Of harmony. None hear the deep sea's moan.





ICE-BOUND.

The turquoise sea of June is white with cold;
And on its cameo-face, in outline bold,
Our isle is cut; her low-ranged hills unfold,
Carved by the patient years.

The chilly days and nights come on apace;
The moon looks down with calm and smiling face;
And where she smiles, new jewels take their place,
Made in the wintry rime.

Strange alchymy and power! 'Neath summer skies
Nantucket like a lovely emerald lies,
Approached by eager, wistful, loving eyes,
That name her "Island Home."

While now the guardian stars their vigil keep
She rests secure. The waters' cold, white sleep,
Shall change to life; the crystal ice shall weep
In sun-flashed, diamond tears.

Low-pulsing 'neath the hard, cold face we see,
Old ocean's heart is beating mightily;
Spring nears, and Nature's loving ministry
Waits on the God-watched years.



HARVEST HYMN.

Our Father in heaven, we bring to Thee now
An offering of thanks; we rejoice that the plow
The prophet foretold, takes the place of the sword,
The pruning-hook stands as a sign of Thy word.

'Tis meet that we thank Thee for seed-time and sun,
For fruit-bloom and grain-sheaves from earth's treasure won;
The gold and the purple are signs of Thy love,
The crowning of labor from Thy throne above.

Let Bethlehem's star in the grain-gold be seen,
And Calvary's hill in the grapes' purple sheen,
And all point to Thee, as our Father and Friend,
Our Comforter, Saviour and Hope to the end

A BENEDICTION.

A snow-white peace is in the silent air,
Earth's crystallised carpet spreads itself about;
The sky is beat apart with stars, and where
They shine the blue is deeper. This without,

And what within? These words come through the years:
"My peace I leave with you." In whitest light
They write themselves, make rainbows of our tears;
And every shadowed place is quick made bright.





CUT FLOWERS.

The Germans have it thus: that God smiled on the earth,
And flowers sprang up. A happy thought for every mind,
When in the season's prime and summer's winsome mirth,
On Nature's wrinkled face, we wealth of beauty find.

Some claim these should be left, nor plucked at all for love,
But kept to live their little span, made briefer far
By gathering. Do these forget the treasure trove
Known of the plants whose hidden power nothing can mar?

For every bloom that children pluck, others will come,
So but the root be stayed, and more will frequent rise,
Because of this. Thus is it with our hearts, the home
Of love. For every blossom given, more will surprise.

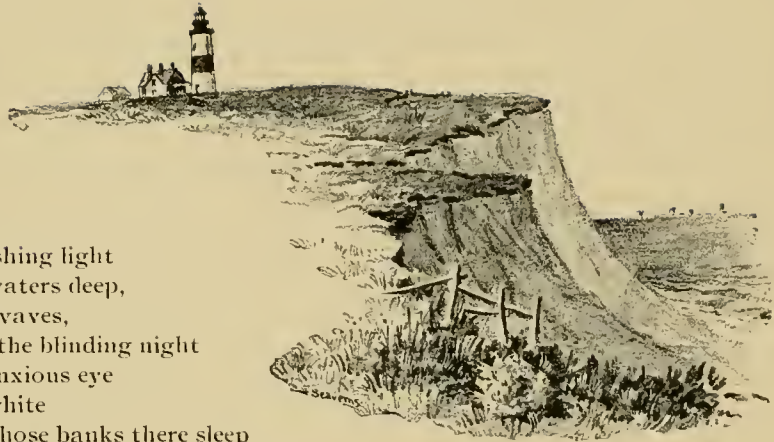
A BIT OF SWEET-BRIER.

The odor of the brier sweet
Tells me of orchards old,
Where apples new exhale their scent;
Just as, my friend, your love to me,
Though many years enfold,
With fragrance fresh is all besprent.

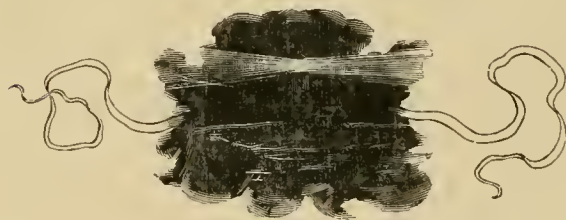


SANKOTY.

Fair beacon high, whose glowing, flashing light
Revolves so full and strong over the waters deep,
And flings its jewels on the sparkling waves,
Or like a flaming sword cuts through the blinding night
Adrip with fog, to warn the sailor's anxious eye
And keep yon vessel with her sail of white
Off from the dangerous coast, upon whose banks there sleep
In summer nights the flowers that peaceful lie,
While soft the beach below the rippling water laves!



The cottagers look for thy sign with eager gaze,
The townsman peers o'er Shimmo hills to catch the glow,
And where thy fire gleams 'tis like a burning star
Set in the dark, or like a gem intaglio
Cut on the horizon's blue, and known afar
To mark the waters' dimly channeled ways.—
So may our lives be set as beacons grand,
To guide and guard and save some sea-tossed soul
That safe and glad it make its port and land
With no more fear of breaker nor of shoal.





CHRISTMAS.

Glad Christmas tide, whole holy joy makes all the air a-thrill,
Whose storied life goes back to Bethlehem's evening song, and still
The glad refrain repeats, that Christ is born. The vine-clad slopes
Of Orient yet echo with the strains of angel-voice;
The "Peace on earth" resounds, "Good will toward men," while
 cheering hope's
Far-reaching tones ring out, o'er all the earth, "Rejoice, rejoice."

The air seems sweetly laden yet with dew from terraced plain;
The olive trees are redolent, the grasses green again;
The shepherds watch their folded flocks, "all seated on the ground,"
When suddenly an angel form throws vivid light around.
The flowers lift up their wondering heads, their petals steeped in
 light,
Their scarlets vivified, their lily cups clear-carved to sight.

Quick-pulsing through the happy fields, the angel song uplifts,
And with its holy, heavenly strains, sweet through the night air
rifts.

"Glory to God"—this crowning hymn let us now gladly sing;
Let us in chorus, full and strong, make all our firesides ring;
While we repeat the old refrain, "Peace and good will," again,
May all our lives in service true, make every day, "Amen."



THE CLIFFS.

These circling shores and cliffs of yellow sand
Enclose the ancient town like solid band
Of gold. Mosaic are the houses set
With weather-beaten sides so often wet
By sea-fogs, when, like one great shimmering pearl
The island through the struggling mist slow lifts—
Their large gray wings these surely, closely furl,
Unto the horizon line, in seaward drifts.

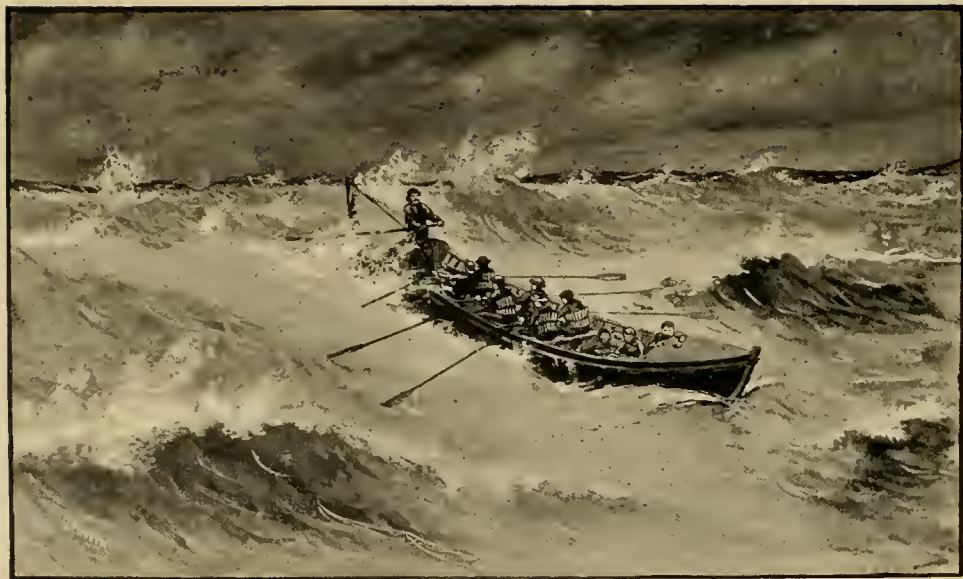


EASTER.

The solemn Lenten bells have merged in joyful chime,
They ring out full and free, the song of Easter time.
The passion-flowered cross no longer tells of death,
A resurrected Life speaks in the lilies' breath.
The censer flowers exhale their perfume pure and sweet,
And while their odors rare our quickened senses greet,
Let all our souls await in reverent hope and love,
The Spirit's brooding care, descending from above.

May all our votive hearts be alabasters white,
Which, breaking to our Lord, in consecration's rite,
We gladly give. Their perfume shall be hope, this hour,
And faith, which end in deed—love's perfect-petaled flower.

So for us all, no real death shall be, though riven
The silver cord, or broke the golden bowl, since given
By Christ, immortal life is ours. For us, no night,
Since heaven, our other home, is white with dawning light.



THE LIFE-BOAT.

On January 20, 1892, the Coskata Life-saving crew rescued seven men from the schooner H. P. Kirkham, wrecked on Rose and Crown Shoal. Medals were awarded the crew for heroic service by the U. S. Government, and publicly presented January 9, 1893.

The night fell swift and sure upon our island coasts.

 All dark and peaceful lay the old, gray-shingled town,
Save where the glimmering lights chased off the windy ghosts
 Of shadows playing here and yonder, roughly blown.

Then one by one these flickered out and desolate

 The gloom that gathered while the unconscious people slept.
Brant Light and Great Point lit the waters wide, while fate
 Its path pursued, and on the ocean white waves crept.

Sleep on, all dreamless, ye who dwell within your doors!

 A watch is in the tower, one keeps the lonely street,
While heroes bravely guard your long, outlying shores,
 And through the dreary night the patrol holds his beat.

No vision in your dreams of wintry seas, nor sight

 Of yonder boat upon its devious, toilsome way,
That left its station on the beach in dull twilight
 Soon after day-dawn broke the dark to fragments gray.

E'er since the morning swept the shore, this little bark
Has bravely fought in resene, dared the biting cold,
And famished hours manned by a royal crew with mark
Of coronation on their brows brighter than gold.

Yon dangerous shoal a vessel clutched within its maw.
And there the little life-boat slowly made its way,
Gathered its precious burden from the hungry jaw
Of death, and headed homeward through the sharp noon-day.

With grip of steel the oars were plied against the wind,
Hour after hour, and but a weary mile attained.
"Heave out the anchor, boys, and rest until we find
New strength," the captain cried, when all were overstrained.

With ardor fresh, their muscles faint and worn with toil,
They seized their oars again to grapple with the tide.
Low to the water's edge the little craft—the boil
Of surging, hissing waves was heard both far and wide.

Hour after hour, slow-following, through the piercing night,
This gallant crew the ocean rode; the quivering sea
Was lighted with its glowing crests of foaming white,
The skies looked down, and on its bluff burned Sankaty.

And while they wrought so long, a woman kept her watch
At station or at light-house near, with heart of prayer
And self-forgetting love (the keeper's wife)—the latch
Oft lifted on the door of secret Altar-stair.

Morning again! the awful shoals were somehow passed,
And 'Sconset beach was stretched before their wistful eyes.
There waited eager hearts and willing hands at last,
This precious human freight, the life-boat's prize.

All hail! the Captain and his noble, faithful men!
All hail to him who since has crossed the harbor bar
To unseen port! And when life's sea is passed, oh, then
May all their anchor cast 'neath Heaven's bright morning star.

HYMN.

Tune: Italian Hymn.

O, Thou whose love can save,
Who rulest wind and wave,
In storm or calm.

Thou hast thyself in men
Revealed; in stress and strain
Thy spirit given again
To shield from harm.

Our coast its lengths along,
Resounds with sweetest song
Of chanting tide.

The winds and waters free,
Raise high their minstrelsy,
We join their melody,
Their echoes wide.

We thank Thee for each heart
That nobly bears its part
In loyalty.
Fulfill the Christ on earth,
And let His word give birth
In every life to worth
And royalty.

Thy blessings rest on these,
Who fought the angry seas,
And bravely won,
Give them the peaceful strand
That borders heaven's land
When they exulting stand,
Earth's duty done.



HOPE.

Not always what we do but as we strive;
Not what we are, but that we hope to be,
And, hoping, still may help ourselves thus far;—
This counts for us the registry of deeds divine.
The love of God sustains and makes alive
The tiniest fronds of will which else would never see
The light of action.—It is like a floating spar
Thrown out upon the deep and as a saving line
To aspiration, which can thus be made to reach
The shore of deed, whose waves soft strike upon the beach.

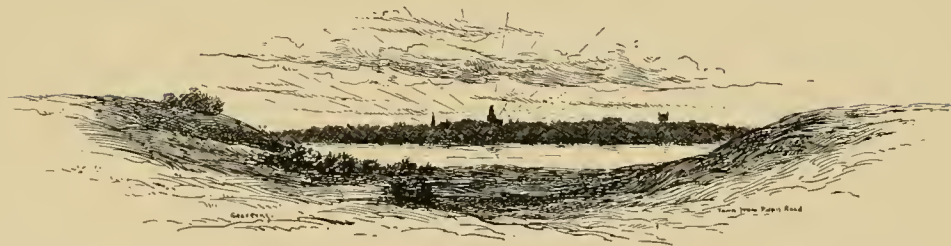
Be patient then, dear heart, with all thy tears,
With all thy doubts and all thy boding fears;
There is no strife of thine which may not life create,
No real battle fought which can or does abate
Thy strength, if with heroic soul thou workest well
The problems here, whose sometime mystic answers tell
Of higher ways thy restless feet shall later tread
On living green, which springs o'er leaves of failures dead.

AN OCTOBER SUNSET.

Like some grand, glad surprise, the west takes on its gold,
Flushes the chilly east from colors gray and cold
 To rosy warmth; swift-flaming banners thwart the sky
And cross its darkling blue in shining fold on fold,
 While on the horizon's line bright sea-green oceans lie.

How luminous the scene! The heavens all spread with light;
 E'en in the south the sombre clouds catch at the red,
And fringe themselves. The west, all vivid and all bright,
 Meanwhile, gleams on with shining inward glory fed.

Slow shifts the view, to some imagined fire-place tiled
With sard. Intense and still low burns the steady fire.
The clouds above, now lurid-turned, are careful piled,
Like back-logs, and the scattering flame lifts chilled hearts
higher.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

(ON NORTH AVENUE.)

I.

A three-thorned locust spreads its leafy boughs
Below the pasture where the cows once fed ;
 Behind, stands low and sheltered from the fray
 Of winds, soft-colored with a silver gray,
The cottage of our youth—the old homestead—
Set in the valley green, where grasses drowse,
 And buttercups hold high their crowns of gold,
 And clovers nestle in their nightly fold.

II.

The lighthouse on the Point stands white and high,
The piers are outlined with the slender mast
 Of yacht and cat-boat small. No more the thrill
 Of sailor song, nor creak of cordage shrill,
When whaling fleets were thick and *camels lay
 Upon the harbor bar, to float ships past
Its shoals, and wharves resounded with the cry
 Of "Yo, heave, ho!" from dawn to end of day.

III.

The beach below to northward stretches wide;
Upon its sands are houses near and far;
At dusk they twinkle with their lights. The tide
Swings soft and low the bell upon the bar;
Its lullaby the weary heart makes calm.
The waters smile beneath the stars' faint light,
The scent of meadow land gives healing balm,
The moon looks down upon the peaceful sight.

*Used in the old days to float ships into the harbor.



THE BLESSING OF THE BELL.

Ring out, O western bell, your notes,
O'er prairie wide and plain;
Your echoes shall the while resound
Afar their sweet refrain.

The music of your voice shall fall
In caverned earth and mine,
While we our praises send o'er sea
And land, to God divine.

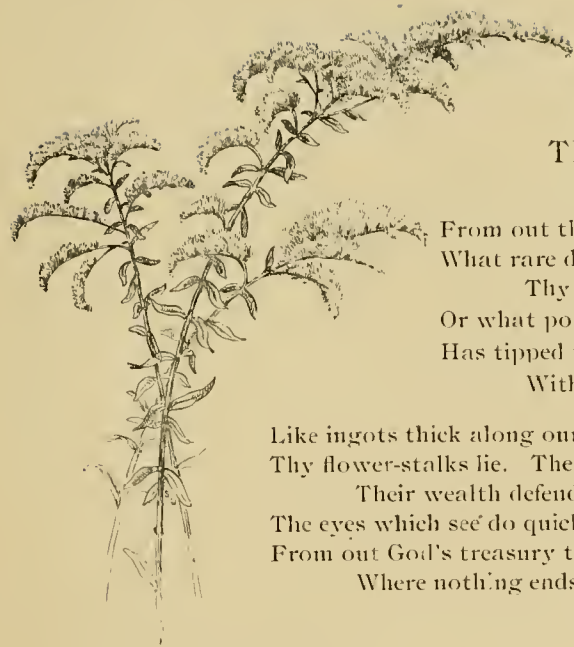
Your every tone Te Deum chants,
A gospel to declare;
To unaccustomed ears it comes—
A message in the air.

The story was the same of old,
When Bethlehem's plains did thrill,
And glory shone the earth around
To light the midnight still.

The flowers, as then, shall lift their heads
In beauty sweet and rare,
And, wondering, their censers swing,
Till perfume fills the air.

Ring out, O bell, your joyous tones;
In every gladsome peal
May spirit of the risen Christ,
Our Lord, on some heart steal.





THE GOLDEN-ROD.

From out the alembic of the sod,
What rare distillery, O golden-rod,
Thy petals hued?
Or what power of the wind-bleached sands
Has tipped with suns thy yellow, bristling wands,
With light imbued?

Like ingots thick along our shore
Thy flower-stalks lie. The ocean's muffled roar
Their wealth defends.
The eyes which see do quickly know
From out God's treasury they liberal grow,
Where nothing ends.

A CROWN OF AUTUMN LEAVES.

For many a mile and more these lingering feet have trod
On life's highway, and still they press so lightly on.
The flowers have come and flowers have gone, while leaf and bud
Have grown and bloomed, and sun and stars have beauteous shone.

Once and again and more the snow has fallen white,—
Has covered hill and plain. The sea, the sky and earth
Have lain in colors dull, or wondrous hues of light,
While soul on soul to life (or here or there) had birth.

And still it is not winter gray to her young heart;
But though tree after tree has dropped its ripened leaves,
Friend after friend her longing eyes have seen depart,
'Tis Autumn yet; she stands among the ungarnered sheaves.

Or better still, the memoried days and months, the years,
All full of gathered longings, work and service done,
Seen through experience, with its joys and vanished fears,
Hang in the mellow gloaming, 'neath the setting sun.

All full of ruby fire they brightly gleam and glow,
Deep red in color and with prophecy divine
This world is glad and welcome yet, though sweetly blow
The heavenly odors to her sense with fragrance fine

Her thought goes out to Canaan's land, untravelled now,
But sure to meet her trustful eyes, that, yearning, peer
Across the mystic space between; while, faint below,
The grapes of Esheol breathe their strengthening odors here.

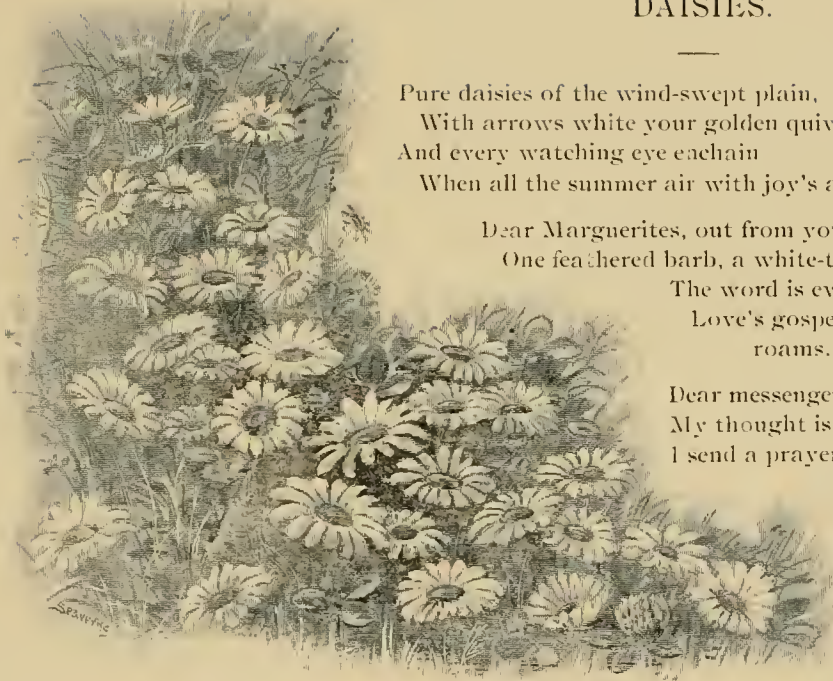


DAISIES.

Pure daisies of the wind-swept plain,
With arrows white your golden quivers fill,
And every watching eye enchain
When all the summer air with joy's athrill.

Dear Marguerites, out from your hearts of gold
One feathered barb, a white-tipped message comes.
The word is ever new, yet ever old—
Love's gospel sweet, through all the world it
roams.

Dear messenger, unto a claim divine
My thought is led, while on a petal shaft
I send a prayer—a tiny, white-sailed craft—
Upon the boundless, unhorizoned
blue,
That I, O giver of the flowers, to
Thee be true.



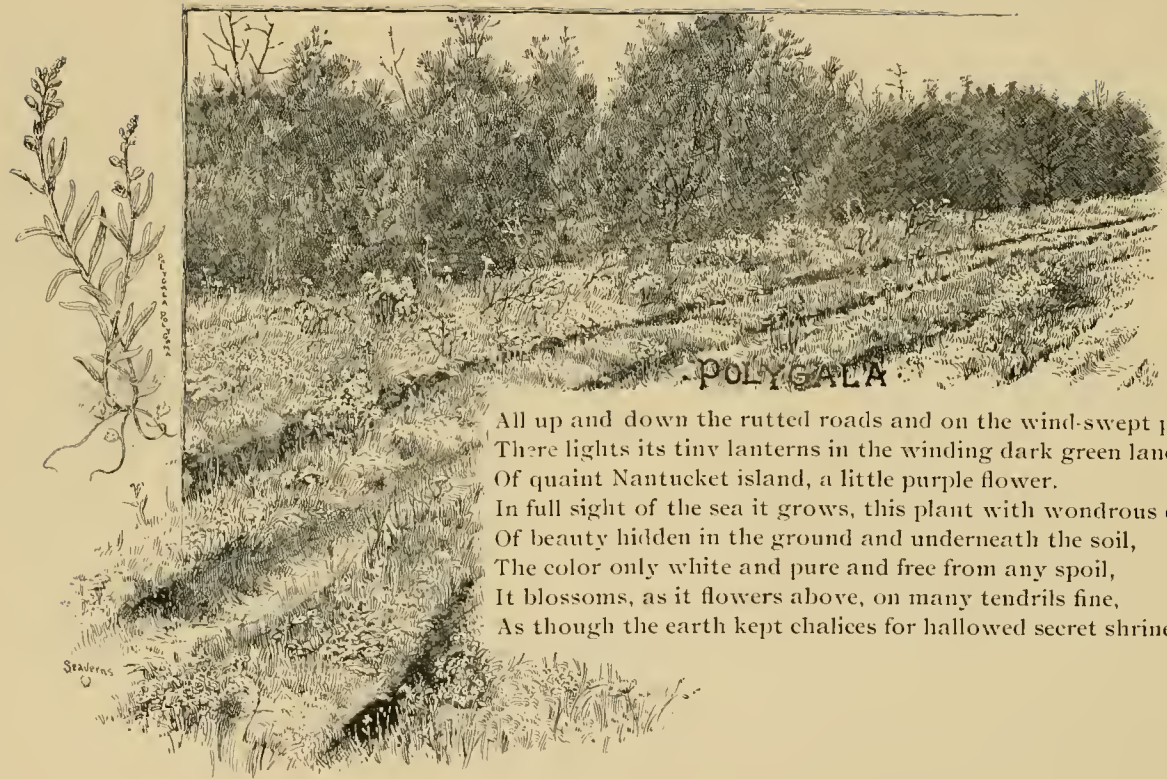
EDEN.

"Flowers always bloom for her," we smiling, sometimes say.
And thus a willing and a gracious tribute pay
To that mysterious inner line of hidden life,
In souls we do not always know in this world's strife.

There are those hands that seem but just to simply place
A root, or else a leafy stem, and quickly trace
Forces unseen within the willing, ready soil,
Where bud and blossom wait upon their loving toil.

When such as these who loved the flowers (and love them still),
Are taken to that clime whose sacred odors fill
Their hearts with more than earth could ever give of joy,
Let us be glad they have no more of pain's alloy.

We do not know, 'tis true, what holy claims may bind
Them now, what heaven's garden is, what bloom they find,
What soil they turn, what plants they set, what mission theirs—
We know that all is well in Eden's thoroughfares.



POLYGALA

All up and down the rutted roads and on the wind-swept plains,
There lights its tiny lanterns in the winding dark green lanes
Of quaint Nantucket island, a little purple flower.
In full sight of the sea it grows, this plant with wondrous dower
Of beauty hidden in the ground and underneath the soil,
The color only white and pure and free from any spoil,
It blossoms, as it flowers above, on many tendrils fine,
As though the earth kept chalices for hallowed secret shrine.

Like thy wee flower, Polygala, I knew a little child,
Of nature sweet, of heart so strong, of spirit undefiled,
And everywhere she planted love in all the lives she found.
Polygala, she left the flowers, above, below, around,
In every heart where she took root, the tendrils bloom unseen,
And heaven is there and heaven is here, where'er the child has been.
The way is marked with signals bright, where little feet have trod,
" 'Tis safe to follow," One has said—and flowers grow 'neath the sod.

O little flower, revive our faith, hold up thy lanterns high
In all the dark lanes where we tread, tell us the sea is nigh,
The sea of love that beats the strand whose atmosphere is pure;
May its sweet breath our souls renew and bid us brave endure.
Let gladness tinge the lengthened hours and gild the shadowed days,
Till faith shall dissipate the dark and fill our lives with praise.
Then memory shall give us joy and hope its patience bring,
The little flowers along the road their tender message sing.

OLD AGE.

Four-score of years—and yet the days are mine,
The sun is low, and yet I see its shine.
The west is lighted with its mellow glow,
And through my tears I catch a bright rainbow.

A bow of hope, a covenant of God,
That all the joys I have come from His word.
That all my fears and sadness which have come,
Shall end at last in the eternal Home.

I trust Thee, Pilot of the slow-sailed ship,
Thou'lt give the word, the cable when to slip.
The harbor nears, I leave it all to Thee
When port to make, off from life's restless sea.

THE CAROL OF THE BIRDS.

'Twas day-break on the dear old homestead farm,
The sun slow crept along the eastern sky,
And as the light came up, from all new harm
A little life went to the Life on high.
Then scattered right and left the pearly mist
The night had broke to drops of dew and worn.
The radiance of this pure sweet soul but kissed
The shadows and our tears, when there was born
Out from our night, the soft, slow shining of the dawn.

The hills which stood around new glory caught,
The pond near by was like a turquoise blue,
While in the orchard old the trees were fraught
With odors fresh as brier rose; they knew
By Nature's secret lore our love so strong.
The very birds broke forth in carols free,
They followed, in a chorus full and long,
The path of little feet Heaven's flowers among,
'Twas fitting time for sacred harmony.

Sing on, sweet birds, and for your birdlings care.
A nest is in our hearts, not empty; full
Of love's warm thatch it stands. The wear and tear
Of wind and storm cannot avail to pull
One straw awry. Safe in a mighty tree
'Tis hid, and there our little love is kept
For now, forever, for eternity.
We too but birdlings are. Yet warp and weft
Of life shall build our nest quite safe and strong
In God's own heart, the home where all belong.



Sesachcha



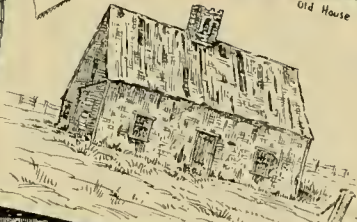
Brant Point



Conset Chapel



Old House



Seavens

SESACHACHA.

Shores populous,
With dusky Indian shades
Who sailed of old, narrow canoes of birch!
Banks odorous.
The pond now gleaming with the blades
Of oars where merry fishers search
In happy contest for the silver perch.

BRANT POINT.

With graceful poise,
Near sea turquoise,
It stands by day, a signal tower.
Through nights cloud-swept,
And with stars rept
It lights the way till morning hour.

THE OLD HOUSE.

Capaum and Maxcy's lie toward the burning west,
Where aged sachem walked with hand upon his breast;
And northward in the town, a house all weather-worn,
Stands gray, and marks the generations long since gone

'SCONSET CHAPEL.

A Sabbath quiet broods upon the sunlit sea,
The rolling ocean sounds its organ melody.
The chapel bell its mellow cadence adds and calls
To prayer—The Spirit on each worshipper now falls.

SILVER WEDDING.

Ring, silver bells, right merrily!

Peal loud and strong and cheerily!

 Your music takes our thoughts back many years.

Swing on time's arc, with songs full sweet;

Chime soft, chime loud, while we, glad, meet

 Our memories so free from haunting fears.

Ring out, ring loud, this festal day!

Your cadence ne'er will pass away,

 Our love we anchored sure in waters deep.

No storm so fierce, no tide so swift,

Makes in our cable any rift,

 Nor from safe moorings can its hold e'er sweep.

With gratitude we stand. Alight
This anniversary and bright,
A wondrous radiance floods its joyful hours.
The sunlight flashes on our track
Where'er we look as we turn back.

We never were beyond the scent of flowers.

Our thanks are due for mercy shown,
For perils we have passed unknown
Or recognized. And so we sing our praise.
The bells may ring with gladsome peals;
While o'er our heart the music steals,
Our souls as censers full, we reverent raise.



IN THE AFTER-GLOW.

(Suggested by "The heavenly stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.")

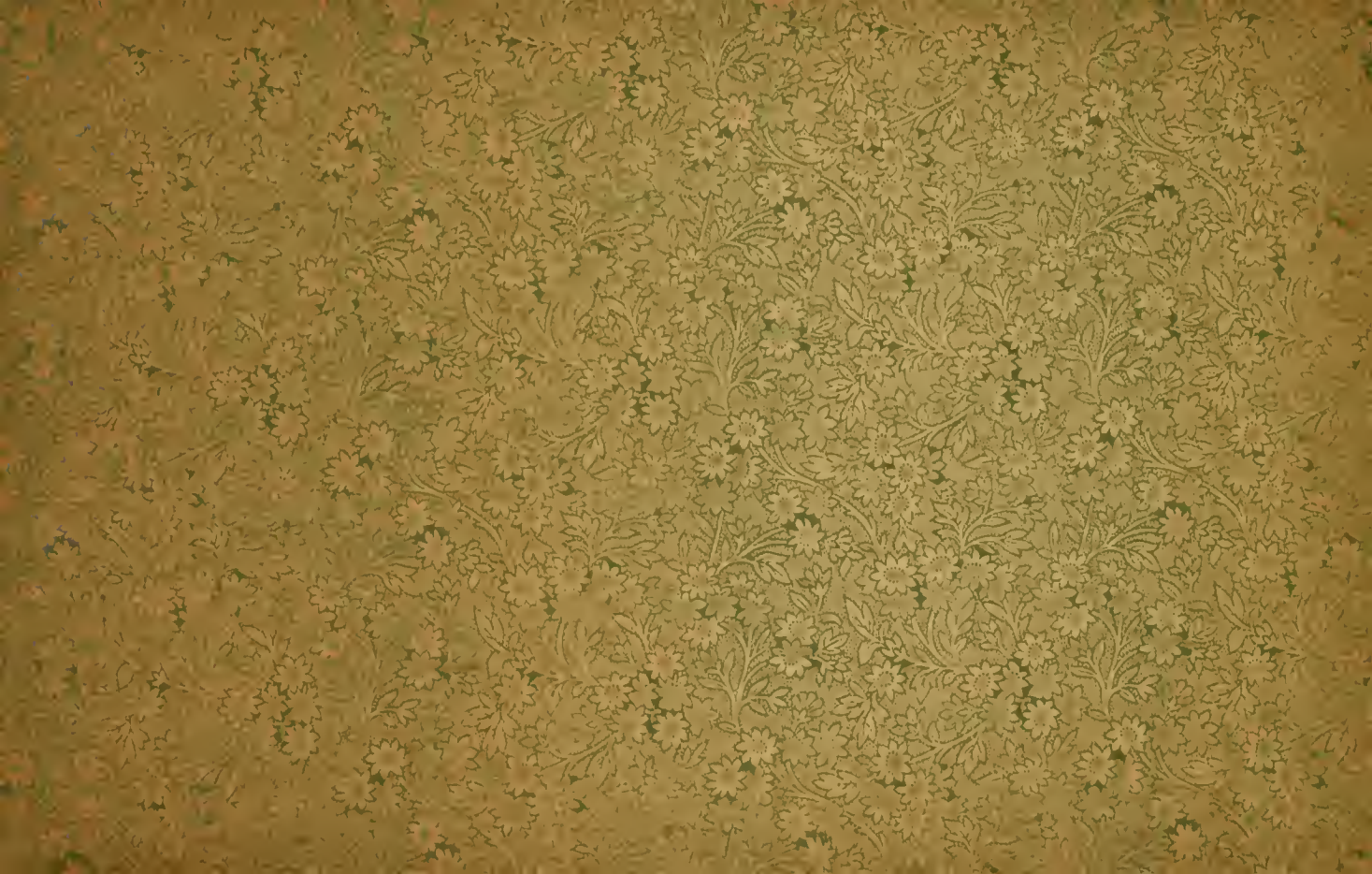
The sun had set, but red and vivid burned the glowing west.
Its rosy flame the heavens illumed with radiance. Color pressed
The firmament; it seemed a leaf of ancient missal scroll,
And then it faded, while the stars came out the word of God to enroll.

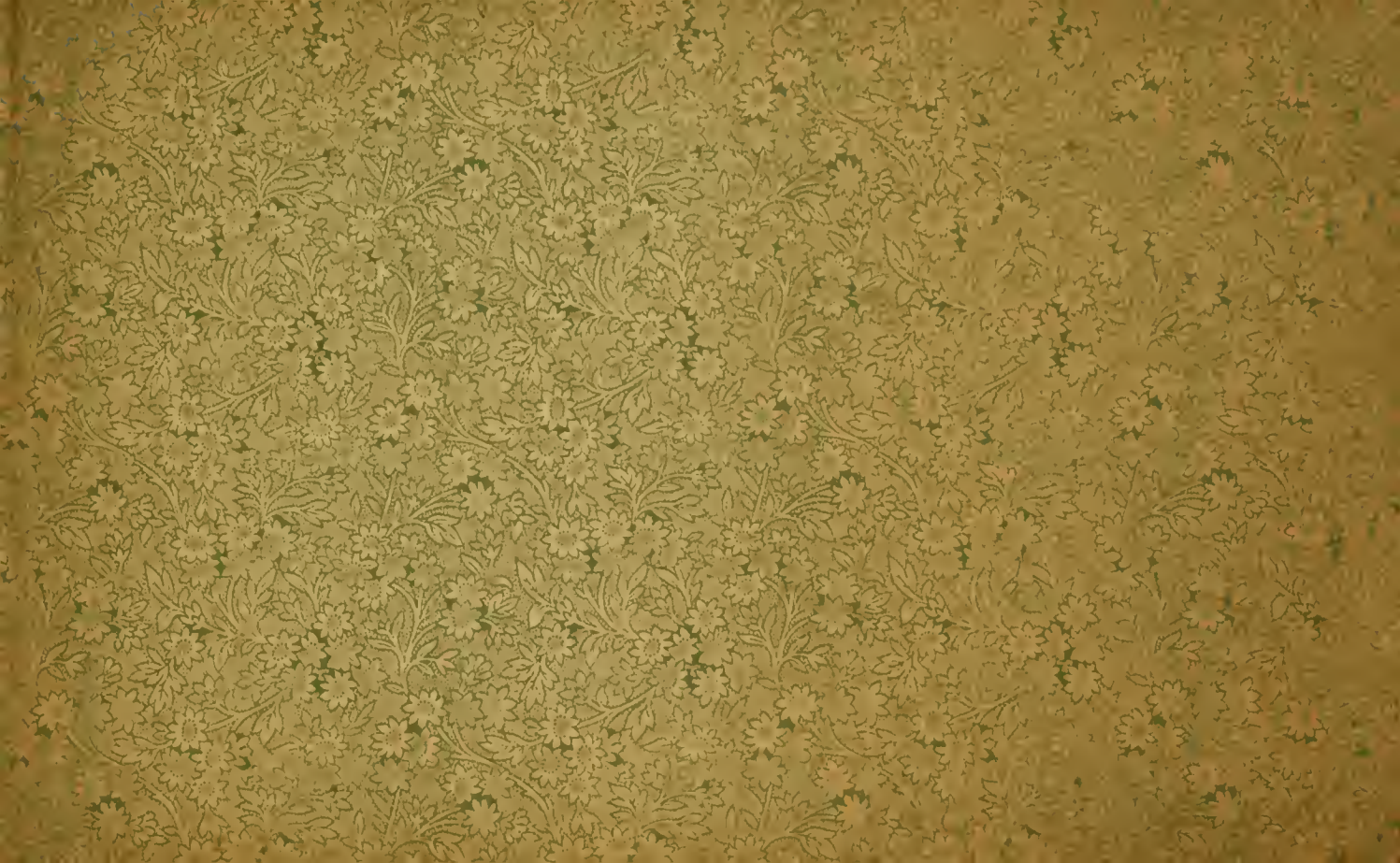
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My sun had set, though glory throbbed and trembled on my sight.
My saint's departure left my sky aflame with sacred light,
At first; but then, the loneliness, the gloom, the dreaded next,
Till through the darkling spaces pricked the shining stars their text:

"So will I comfort you," saith He, our Father, and this more—
"As one whom mother comforteth." Thus saith the Lord!—Before,
I dwelt in sunlight clear, but, patient now I wait and know
My mother's love is ever mine in wondrous after-glow.

And so 'tis many a one
By near or farther shores,
Resting, with idle oars,
Looks down the stream and sees
The wild flowers on her leas
And on her wind-swept moors
Aglow with summer sun.





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